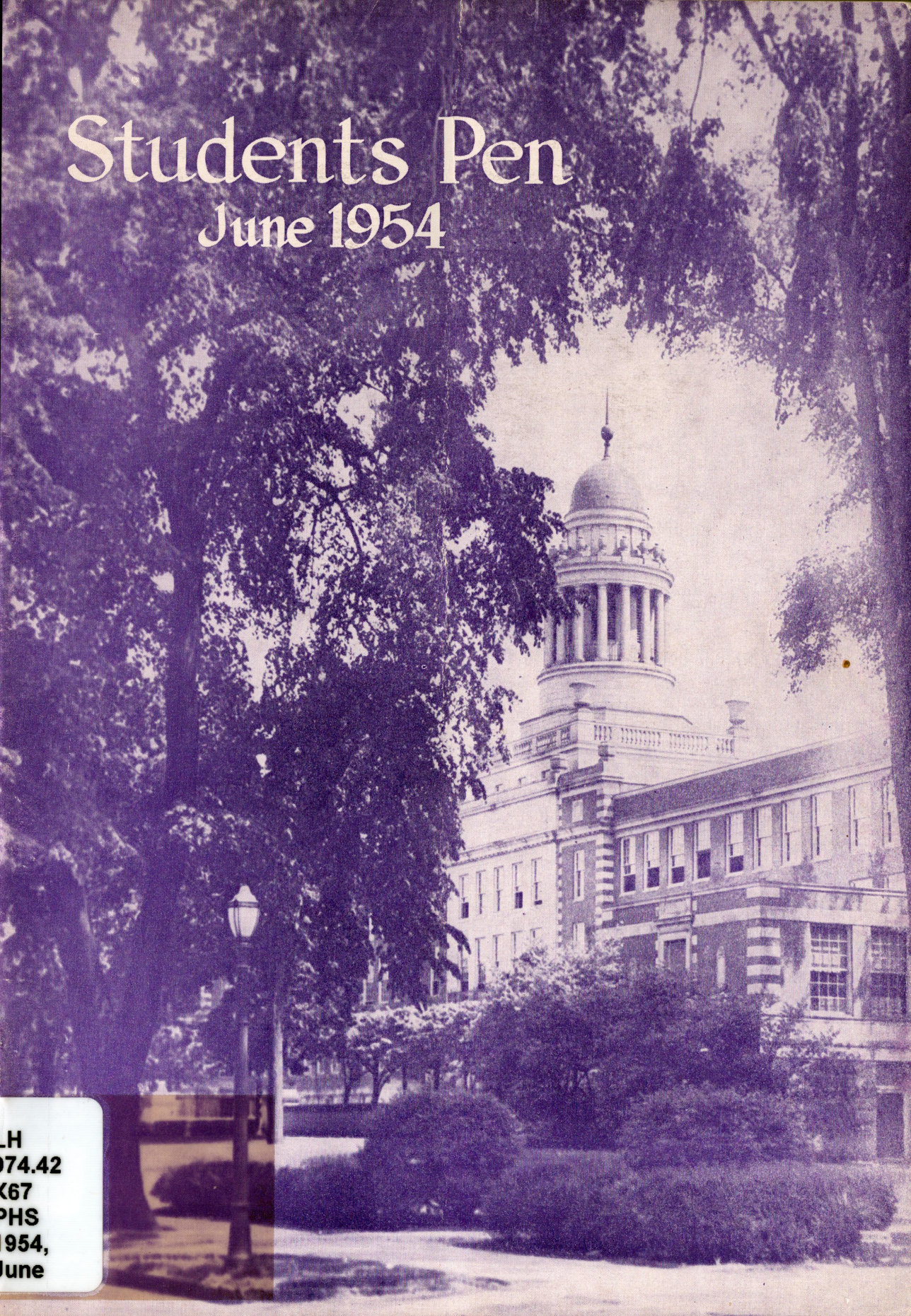


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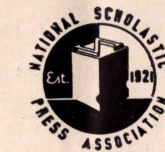
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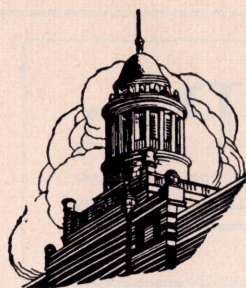


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« « EDITORIAL » »

Recreation

By Katharine Maguire

GRADUATION for us seniors marks the beginning of a changed way of life. Some will enter colleges and universities in the fall to pursue higher education; a larger percentage, on their own in the world for the first time, will seek positions in industry. We have all been encouraged to make some preparation for our careers, even though our plans may have been indefinite. Now comes the test. We shall soon discover the extent of our abilities. Now we must face responsibility. Time alone will tell whether or not we shall succeed in our chosen occupations.

Now another important consideration presents itself: How shall we spend our leisure-time hours, the hours when we are not at work? What will be our recreation? We shall all inevitably look to some form of recreation for diversion and relaxation. Yet will we spend those precious hours in a worthwhile manner? Let us consider the various possible types of recreation.

Recreation, in the broadest sense of the word, means any pastime, any occupation that diverts. Recreation, then, describes a vast number of our leisure-time activities. These generally fall into four categories. The lowest level of recreation, which differs from the general concept of it, takes the form of delinquency and its outgrowth, crime. Here the offenders find diversion only in misdeeds and violence. If unchecked, their minds may later become so contorted that crime becomes their master. Here, of course, it ceases to be recreation.

The second level of recreation is entertainment. The person who enjoys this type is a

spectator rather than a participant. He sits motionless while others perform for his amusement. He exerts himself little more than to draw up an easy-chair to his medium of entertainment. This type of activity suits him best because it requires no activity and little, if any, thought.

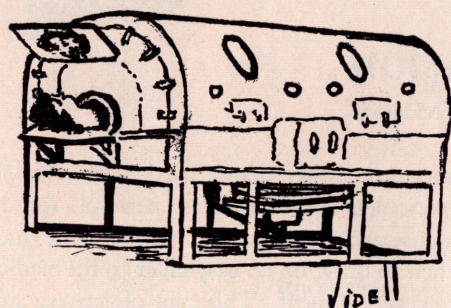
The third level of recreation is participation. Whether it be athletics, collecting, reading, sewing, cooking, hiking, gardening, fishing, dancing, or basket-weaving it falls into this category. It is easy to discern that this is a higher form of recreation than entertainment, and consequently, more rewarding.

The last and highest form of recreation is creativeness. Yet only the talented can find lasting satisfaction in this type. Here is the sphere of the dexterous, the adroit. Yet this is certainly not much beyond the far-reaching grasp of those of average skill.

Modern inventions have increased efficiency, and the result is that today we have more and more leisure time on our hands. The working day is no longer from sunup to sundown. We must plan to spend this extra time profitably. The four levels of recreation have been presented. As is to be expected, most of our recreation falls in the middle two categories. Yet what a vast difference between even these two—entertainment and participation! Discrimination should govern our indulgence in the former. Of course, we must not exclude from our lives the best in music and drama. Yet we should not be content solely with entertainment. Rather we should strive for an ever-higher level of recreation for more and lasting satisfaction.

The Promise

By Toni Lincks, '56



"Congratulations, Doctor, on your wonderful discovery!"

"The world will ever be indebted to you!"

"Just one statement for the Mayville Tribune, sir?"

"Won't you come eat with us this noon, Doctor?"

"Don't forget the talk at the Women's Auxiliary at two!"

A tall doctor made his way through a large group of newspaper reporters, photographers, colleagues, and leading citizens who were clamoring for his attention. The doctor patiently excused himself, saying he had an important meeting with someone—a date that had been set twenty-five years ago—and he walked thoughtfully down the street. A young medical student hurried after him and begged to walk along with him.

Breaking a silence that had continued for some time, the student asked eagerly, "Dr. Kendell, how did you ever decide to go into medicine?"

"Oh, it's a long story," the doctor replied. The lad, with enthusiasm, induced him to continue.

* * * *

"It was one of those sizzling days in July. Having just graduated from high school, I

was loafing around and feeling lazy. Sure, I was planning on going to college in the fall, but my theory was to cross all bridges when I came to them and to do as little work as possible to get by. This day no one was around to bother me. Mom was upstairs pampering my kid sister Kathy, who claimed she didn't feel well. 'A likely story!' I thought. But, no matter, the little pest was out of my hair for one afternoon anyway.

"My reverie was suddenly interrupted by a voice from the stairs calling, 'John.' 'Oh joy,' I moaned. 'What's it going to be now?—Mow the lawn or run down to the store?' From the worried expression on her face, I guessed it must be something else.

"Johnny, will you run and call Dr. Toms? I'm quite concerned about Kathy. She has an upset stomach and she's running a high fever."

"Grumbling about smart little sisters, I trudged to the phone, called Old Doc Toms, and then promptly forgot the whole matter.

"But it wasn't as simple as I had figured it to be. Kathy seemed to get worse and worse as the afternoon progressed. By the time our old family doctor finally arrived, her temperature had risen to 103° and she had sharp pains in her neck and legs. The doctor examined her carefully and then confirmed our worst fears.

"Mrs. Kendall," he said, shaking his gray head sadly, 'your little daughter has infantile paralysis. Don't worry. We'll take her to Central Hospital where she'll get the best attention in the state. She'll be out safely in no time.'

"Though kindly spoken, Dr. Tom's predictions were far from right. The hours dragged into days, with each one more of a

nightmare than the one before, while my kid sister lay suffering in an iron lung. Vainly we held on to the forlorn hope that she would recover.

"Then one night the phone rang and we found ourselves racing towards the hospital. There outside the plate glass window we waited, heart-stricken, for the crisis.

"Once I caught Dr. Toms as he passed by and entreated, 'Do something for my kid sister, Doc. Don't let her just lie there and die! Can't you give her those new drugs or something?'"

"John," the old physician replied, 'they're wonderful in some cases but they're not a sure cure. Your little sister is just one of those unfortunate ones.'

"I saw my dad pacing the floor—up, down and up again—lost in despair, but fearing to give up hope. There was my poor mother, outside the glass window, denied even the consolation of being beside the bed of her dying child. As my little sister Kathy passed away, into the land of eternal life, the last words I'd ever heard her speak kept returning to my mind.

"Find a way so that no one ever has to be sick as I am ever, ever again, Johnny!'"

* * * *

"Those words have run through my head time and time again until finally..." here the doctor paused. Turning to the medical student, he said, "I think maybe you can fill out the rest of the story from there. This is where I must leave you." Then Doctor Kendall turned and walked slowly into a little green cemetery.

A tall man knelt by a small, beflowered stone. He spoke to someone in a voice low and clear.

"Look, Kathy. I did it... just for you."

In the headlines of a newspaper lying beside him were these words:

"POLIO CURE FOUND AT LAST"

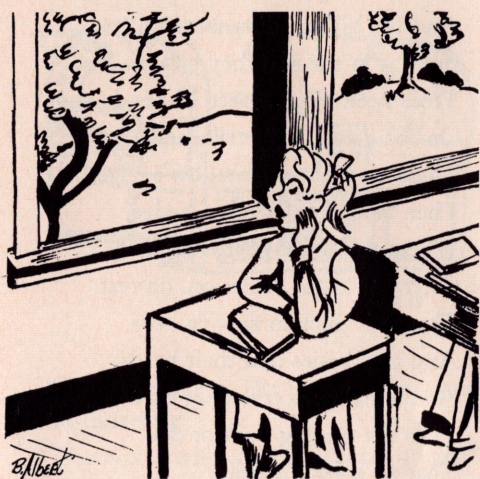
A PERFECT SUMMER DAY

By Regine Treutler, '54

Oh, how bright the sun does shine;
Blue's the sky, the weather's fine;
And the hills at distance seem
Blue, as in the sun they gleam.
Trees with bright green leaves do stand
On the green and fertile land.
There's a fence on meadow's edge,
Then behind it there's a hedge,
Where the singing birds do nest,
Or, when night comes on, do rest.
Thyme is thick in flow'ry beds,
And the daisies nod their heads.
As the balmy breeze does blow
Tells the grazing buck or doe
That an enemy is near
Which they neither see nor hear;
Slowly into woods they slip,
Pause just long enough to dip
Their thirsty lips into the spring,
While above them birds do sing:
"Fear ye not, 'cause all is well."
Then returning to the dell
Buck and doe do slowly graze;
Then they leave by secret ways.
All is still, and very soon
The sun is standing high at noon.
Waves of heat do seem to rise.
From the meads, up to the skies,
'Til at last the sun does sink
Over heaven's golden brink.
And shades of night do fall;
Peace and quiet captures all.
Soon the moon with silvery beam
Makes a million things so gleam
That one thinks of fairyland—
Yet the beauty's near at hand;
Molten silver o'er each way—
So ends a perfect summer day.

Animated Animus

By Sara Milne, '55



AMY sat staring dreamily out of the study hall window, her mind far away from the Latin book in front of her. Outside, down on the front steps of the high school, band members were busily tuning up their instruments before graduation practice commenced. The boom of the bass drum and shrill notes of the piccolo were carried clearly to her ears, for it was a still and hot morning.

"Oh, me," Amy mused. "I can hardly believe that next year my class will be down there practicing for graduation. Is it possible? Why, I don't feel that old. When I was in grammar school I thought of high school as the very top rung of a ladder which I was just beginning to climb, a place far away and foreign. But somehow I reached it (it seems like only yesterday!) and in just one more year I'll be leaving. It's said that these years are the best of one's life, but here I am almost seventeen and the years are flying by so fast that I can't possibly enjoy all the things I want to.

"How empty the school will seem without the seniors here. Gee, but I'll miss them. They're like a tradition—really kids we underclassmen pattern ourselves by, although

we'd never admit it to them. What will happen to the dance band, for they're all seniors? And will the class of '55 ever be able to give as good a class day program or play? We'll have to work awfully hard!

"Seniors. Just the very word scares me. How do they ever live through Maplewoods, college boards, and history tests? Herman Melville, alone, was a big enough dose for me this year, and the seniors had to add that to all those other tasks. If only Father Time could stop the clocks . . .

"But I wonder how it will feel to wear a four cornered hat with a tassel and to walk up the steps and receive a diploma. Just one more year and a piece of parchment will certify all the knowledge that supposedly went into my head."

The band's loud burst of the graduation march woke Amy suddenly from her reverie. There was no getting around it. To be a senior one had to pass junior Latin.

TO A CREEK

By Regine Treutler, '54

The creek is cool and rocky
As it goes babbling by,
And with its sparkling sands beneath,
Is beauty to the eye.

Plants stand by the water,
And dip their thirsty roots.
In it they drop blossoms
And colored leaves and fruits.

The creek in all its beauty
Gives weary wanderers rest,
As each wave gently carries
A gold leaf on its crest.

When one stands by the water
One simply cannot speak.
Touched by a wondrous beauty,
The beauty of the creek.

A New Beginning

By Marlene Burns

THE wind blew in angry gusts, rousing the sea into a fury of whitecaps. The peaceful dunes became swirling cones, rising higher and higher, growing smaller and sharper until they were lost in the turbulent breeze by the same wracking violence which shook the waves.

She surveyed the scene, standing tall and immobile on the edge of the tiny cliff which dropped sharply to meet the shore. Her body was erect, almost stiff, and seemed to be struggling within itself to curb the bristling activity which yearned to be freed. Her hands were clenched tightly, with the fists dug deeply into the empty pockets of her English tweed jacket. A pale chiffon scarf, a striking, ironic contrast to the otherwise masculine cut of her clothes, played with the winds and swirled recklessly about her head, now and then blowing lightly into her face. She seemed calm and composed; but her countenance bore a haunting, bitter expression. Her fine jaw was set firmly and her eyes looked straight ahead, above and beyond the dashing waters.

Her enigmatic blue-gray eyes, flecked so beautifully, were misty, however. They betrayed her outward composure by revealing the plaintive cry of her heart.

She turned her head, casting her glistening eyes upon the view below. She watched the white-caps tumble and fall over each other in their frantic effort to reach the sands, then only to be broken and crushed to nothingness. The sands had somewhat subsided and now were settling in light billows. The winds, fatigued by their own frenzy, gave way to playful, capricious breezes which licked her long blond tresses with a delicious coolness. It seemed as if the anger and the vengeance of the wind, the moon, and her heart had been

wreaked to the fullest. Now there was only the fervent hope of a blissful calm.

This thought awakened her from her melancholia with a startling impact. Nothing left but peace, a quiet, gentle, and serene peace after all the wrath had been murdered by its own power . . . She laughed softly to herself at the ironic appropriateness of this. With the winds gone, the tempest fled, her own burning anger had disappeared, too. In fact, in the light of the pale moon, the unpleasant episode seemed now a mere child's quarrel. She chided herself for being so wilful to destroy, realizing the crushing effect her passion had had upon herself and no one else. She thought once more of the waves breaking themselves so viciously against the shore.

The scarf again began to play about her face, and with a gentle and graceful movement she lifted it from her neck and held it in her hand. Then slowly she walked down the steep path to the shore, where she lingered.

Her soul seemed completely overwhelmed by this quiet, this pure and good calm which had destroyed all the face values and surface words she had sought so desperately and vainly in the afternoon. As she stood there her eyes were still misty but now had the faraway look of the dreamer seeing brighter horizons for the future. She took a last, long, satisfying look at the now calm waters, and then slowly started to walk away from the beach.

She made fresh footprints in the somewhat moist sand as she went on her way. Her voice made soft sounds, conveying no special meaning but simply filling the air with her own tranquillity. She hoped that somewhere another person was feeling as peaceful and forgiving as she did at this moment. She bent her head and watched the traces her steps

made in the sand. She stopped, however, when she met one crossing her own. It, too, seemed freshly made, and it was one of a series leading to the pines. Her mind had one warm moment of hushed expectancy, but it faded as she sadly realized that she must be alone on this lonely, beautiful beach. She continued walking along the shore, not particularly caring where her footsteps led her. She went by the tall pines, and plucked some fine needles from a low branch. She heard a soft rustle beyond. From out of the shadows along the further edge of the grove, a figure glided and silently approached her. She held her breath, her pulse beating furiously as she sensed the breathing near her. She turned around. He walked into the moonlight and she followed. Their eyes met. They said nothing, but walked together. The electric touch of their hand in each other's told them that the storm had passed.

Deadline

By John Shuttleworth, '54

"THE day was hot and clear. The turbid Congo River rushed infinitely onward in muddy swirls and miniature cataracts. The glaring sun capped the water with pale gold and scattered crystal gems across the sun-lit river. The Riverboat bound for Leopoldville, that metropolis of the Belgian Congo, chugged monotonously on, slowly, but surely, making its way up the turbulent stream.

"Standing at the rail was a small, slender woman, with sun-darkened skin. She was dressed simply and clutched a Bible with one hand. This was her fourth trip to the Dark Continent where she had spent most of her life as a missionary, and she was going back after a short . . ."

No! No, that wouldn't do. I've been working on a theme for a month, but it just won't come out. There is a missing link—but where? I, of course, tore my hair (as all tyros

do when writing) and even *thought*, which some would say is *quite* unusual. Many ideas had been exhausted. Suddenly, like a cloud-burst, fell a hundred more—but, alas! I had to sweep them away because they were only odd pieces of the puzzle. (The right ones missing at the wrong time, of course.)

Finally I began again. I turned over my mind, rearranged my thoughts, and waited. Nothing came. "Funny," I thought, "Other times I could think of something that, when arranged by a little effort, could be made to represent something that looked a little like a story." But this time it was useless.

As the deadline drew stealthily nearer, so did everything resembling even a flimsy plot retreat. I frantically began again. No use. I rushed down to Marlene and asked her for one more day.

So, bright with the prospect of a whole twenty-four hours, I picked up hope. But twenty-four hours passes as quickly as any other extent of time that flies. So, (you guessed it) I rushed to find my generous editor and received another twenty-four hours. But the day was cool, and I suppose that must be the reason that all once-good-but-now-nasty little hopes were staying indoors that day. To make a long story short, I was in despair.

There were only fifty minutes left. Something had to be done. Wait. Did I say, "to make a long story short?" This was it in simple language. There was only one (or at least one, I should say) problem, aside from the story itself. It was a question—the question: What would the editor say?

◇ ◇

Miss Guiltinan: "Craven means cowardly. Mike, give me a sentence using the word."

Mike Signor: "The crow is a craven bird."

Miss Guiltinan: "Oh, is that why they have scare crows?"

Dumb Animals

By Patricia Loach, '54



I HAVE been brought up with animals. Our household has always owned at least two—and usually more—acquired by various means. Until the age of approximately ten years, I thought of them merely as "animals," just there to play with (and occasionally to feed, which was a decided nuisance!)

Then one day, my grandparents took me to Springfield Zoo. As soon as I entered that great building, I was fascinated. In the first cages, before which I stood with wide-open eyes, were the lions. It was then that I felt my first pangs of real feeling for any being other than human. Those poor beasts, walking back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

As we walked on around the huge cages, my interest soon began to lag. Then my eyes rested on two small figures perched just above my head. Forgotten were the great lions and their sorrows. There, almost near enough to touch, were two monkeys, one lying very patiently on his side, the other, with nimble, human-like fingers, carefully picking fleas from his friend's back. I was transfixed. How could monkeys—animals—

be that clever! Grandma had caught up with me by then, and, seeing the two lovely monkeys, remarked how "horrid and dirty" they were. As if in answer to her insult to him, one little fellow bared his white teeth at her. My grandmother, being of a humorous and friendly nature, in return quickly stuck out her false teeth in his direction (after glancing around to see that no one was looking.) Then my little monkey turned completely around, made a laughing grimace, and protruded his little pink tongue right at Grandma! I believe the monkey understood perfectly what was going on!

Animals, I believe, are naturally unafraid of men. My grandfather has made friends with every chick-a-dee on his land. In winter they will perch upon his chin to peck a sunflower seed from his teeth, and all the year around they will fly to his shoulder at the first gruff call of "chick-a-dee-dee-dee." There is a natural feeling of trust between them which I wish could be between all creatures.

The other morning, Ricky, our six-month-old puppy, scratched at the door to be let out for his daily morning walk. The night before it had rained and the rain had frozen, and the slope from the door to the driveway was a steep bank of glare ice. Necco, one of our small kittens, went playfully scampering ahead of him, and the family gathered at the door to see what would happen. Ricky began to slide slowly. He couldn't quite grasp what was happening to him. Seeing Necco sailing by him, he made a playful lunge at the kitten's legs, and with his own legs high in the air, went hurtling down the bank on his "posterior." Having landed at the bottom, he stood quickly upright, and pranced around the corner of the house as fast as he could, his head high, but his tail between his legs, while

the whole family laughed at him. Animals have their dignity and pride, too!

It may seem that birds are less intelligent than other creatures. I have had the unusual experience of living in the same house as two little budgereegahs, who, after becoming familiar with us, turned out to be most faithful and amusing friends. At times they carried these qualities so far as to become quite annoying! We experimented by opening the cage door and letting them fly around the room for a short time each day. Gradually they became so tame that they would alight on our heads and shoulders, quite unafraid. Tweedledum, the male, was by far friendlier and bolder than his playmate, Tweedle-dee.

Daddy was the person whom they worshipped. While he was reading the paper they, (Tweedledum most often) would fly to his shoulder and nibble and cluck at his chin. They discovered whiskers were a lot of fun to pull. Another favorite trick was to take a firm grip on a person's earlobe with their sharp, curved beaks, and not to let go until they had left a decidedly sore mark on it. Those birds, like the monkey, I'm sure understood our reaction to them, for they would fly squawking to their cage, and jump up and down, making little noises that sounded very much like chuckles of glee.

Sad to say, our little Tweedle-dee died. Poor Tweedle-dum was broken-hearted and for several days sat moping in his cage, not eating, and not even coming out for his daily visit. My sister hit upon an ingenious idea. We placed a mirror in the cage. The next day Tweedle-dum sang all morning, and every time we looked at him, he was showing off to his image, kissing it and clucking at it. He looked so foolish! He soon began to sense that there was some trick behind it, for he kept pecking at the mirror and pulling it away from the side of the cage to see what was behind it. He could comprehend that there was something he didn't know, and he tried to find it, which is more than many humans do.

There is one very interesting fact that I

have discovered about animals. It is said that they have no language. I used to experiment with Tweedle-dum. When I winked at him, he would wink at me. The one thing he couldn't figure out was how I only winked one eye at a time. I was trying to teach him one day when I heard a few stifled gasps. This turned into bursts of uncontrollable laughter. But I couldn't offend Tweedle-dum! I kept blinking. The harder I blinked, the more hilarious the laughter. Dad and mother had been watching me. They, of course, didn't believe in my new theory, and I guess I must have looked a bit silly talking to a bird. I still firmly believe that a blink is the equivalent of "hello Pal!" in all animal language. Next time you sit in front of the fire with your pet, try it. I guarantee he'll wink back.

If humans had the humility, the faithfulness, the intelligence, dignity, understanding, good humor, and playfulness of animals; if they could retain most of these qualities even when their friends mistreated them, it would be a far better world in which to live. Who can now say "dumb" animals?



THE MORNING

By Regine Treutler, '54

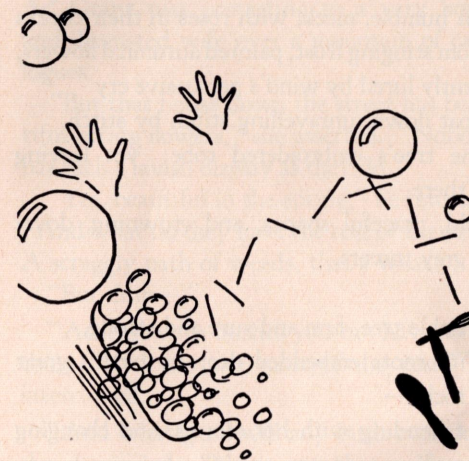
The trees are moving gently
In the morning breeze.
There are no trees on earth that are
More beautiful than these.

The people now awaken,
The quietness, it flees.
The noise of day begins anew
And life in all one sees.

The sun shines on the flowers,
And dew is sparkling there
It will dry up, and when I look
Can't find it anywhere.

The Family Silver

By Sonia Kronick



and twelve forks and twelve knives and twelve soup spoons and various assorted other items. Every darn piece of the darn silverware fell on the darn floor.

I was so angry I nearly flipped! As I stood kicking the silverware and drawer and muttering under my breath, my father, who is always such a comfort and a help in times of anguish, entered the room. He looked at me, at the silverware, and at me again. Then he said, in his usual kind and sympathetic manner, "Don't just stand there glaring at it. Pick it up."

I finally relented and threw all the darn silverware from the darn floor into the darn drawer. But naturally it had to be washed—oh, naturally. I decided that the best way to accomplish this would be to dump the whole darn drawer of darn silverware into the sink. Then I ran water into the sink and went in search of some kind of soap. I looked around the kitchen until I found a can of Ajax and a box of Tide. After debating over the two for several minutes I finally chose the Tide. Then I poured about half the box into the sink. A few minutes later I ran the water out and put some new water in to rinse the silverware. It was still soapy. After four more rinses there was still enough soap in there to bathe an army. I was so disgusted I took the silverware out anyway and kept pouring water over it until most of the soap had disappeared. Then it was time for the jolly task of drying the stuff.

Rather than spend an hour doing that, I decided to use the summer camp method of drying silverware. This method was taught to me by my cousin, who had been a waiter at a summer camp, and had assured me that just everybody uses it. In this method one grasps the piece of silverware by the handle, sharply flicks his wrist to remove all free

THE drawer in which we keep our silverware doesn't fit into the cabinet very well. That's the understatement of the year. It doesn't fit at all! You can safely pull it out two inches. Any more than that will result in disaster. Unfortunately, the drawer must be pulled out at least four inches to enable one to see the utensils. Consequently, it is necessary to reach in and grope around until one comes up with the desired object.

One day I was trying to locate a teaspoon, and I emphasize the word "trying." This is a simple task for most people, but for me, oh, no. After seven gropes into the drawer I hadn't come up with a teaspoon. After eight tries I still hadn't found the teaspoon. Nine tries and no teaspoon yet. I gave myself one more chance. It was now or never. This time I extracted a fork. That was enough! I pulled the drawer out one more inch, stuck my hand in, and pulled out a soup spoon. Well, I was getting closer, anyway. I pulled the drawer out still another inch, and I finally got the teaspoon all right. In fact, I got twelve of them

water, and then throws the object in its container. One proceeds with this method until all the silverware except the top row has been "dried." This top row is dried by hand to achieve the effect that the same treatment has been given to the other silverware. It's quite a timesaver, but have you ever seen camp silverware?

As I finished drying the last piece, I resolved never to touch that darn drawer again. Let someone else cause the darn silverware to fall on the darn floor. You won't catch me doing that again!

The next day everyone wondered why all our food tasted soapy. Maybe it wasn't the food; maybe it was the silverware. I wasn't going to offer any information, though, not me.

◇ ◇

To a Tree

By Patricia Loach, '54

I wonder how God thought to make a tree.
I marvel, seeing every molded bud
Press slowly from mere speck on grey-brown
limb

So stark and stiff against a winter's sky,
And bid the blasting winds to quickly flee
Back to their poles, and welcome Spring's
warm sun:

Swelling, changing grey to robin's rust
With bursting heart, and happy, brimful sigh.

Swelling, striving more, a rift appears,
And underneath a little laboring white—
Deceiving to the eye, for soon the hills
And all the wayside's brush, each dull-red
glade,
In movement fitful as earth's growing years,
Blossoms to a tender shade of green,
Changing earth's cloak, and quick to change
again

To fuller, richer garment, glad to lend
From summer's burning sun, some cooling
shade.

The winds return; again the branches sigh.
The nipping frosts harass each flowing vein.
But humble, meek, with roses in their cheeks
From stinging frost, painted autumnal flowers,
Gently lured by wind's persuasive cry
Float down, unravelling stitch by stitch
The tree's embroidered robe: yet leaving
there
Bold, graceful shapes, and crowning, dove-
grey towers.

O noble tree, firm and sure and strong,
With roots embedded deep in earth's great
rocks—

Yet bending with her storms, and changing
garb

To suit the time—forever might I be
At peace with men as thee, not knowing
wrong;

As beautiful, as simple and as high:
If as human flesh and mind I fail,
O would God recreate me like to thee.

◇ ◇

ODE TO A DANDELION

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

Your golden multi-petaled head
Evokes both joy and interest,
But my reaction is instead
To view you as a dreadful pest.

Your blooms can make a good bouquet,
Your shiny stems fine chains to don;
But as to where you grow, I'd say
You're nicer in my neighbor's lawn.

Grant's Folly

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

BUT everybody has shrubbery," Mr. Grant was protesting to a very bored and disgusted wife over a mountain of catalogues.

"But that house down the street has beautiful spring flowers," she asserted. "Nobody has such a lavish display as they do."

"Yes, beautiful in the spring," he retorted. "And what do they have the rest of the year? A scraggly path of weeds, that's what!"

"But dear—"

"At least with bushes you can have something that looks nice most of the year," he interrupted.

"And what good will any bush ever do?" she demanded. "Name one that will serve some useful purpose and I'll consider it."

There was complete silence for several minutes. Then the screen door banged and in tore eight-year old Peter, leaving destruction in his wake. "I have it!" he erupted. "A Christmas tree! Think of all the money you'd save by not having to buy one. I bet we'd be the only people on the street with a Christmas tree in our own front lawn. Boy! We'd be famous!"

"Sure!" chimed in Jimmy, his brilliant eyes dancing with excitement. "And that's one tree Dad never would tip over!"

"Thank you just the same," Mrs. Grant said as she firmly pushed them toward the door, "but that won't quite solve our problem." As she shut the door behind them and began restoring order to the part of the house involved in their entrance, she remarked: "Although you have to concede they've some idea there."

"Some idea is right. As if things weren't bad enough already what with Peter's—"

"We agreed to forget about that," she commented hastily.

"Oh, all right," he sighed. He glanced at the catalogues and said, "We still haven't settled anything."

"Well, bushes are so very expensive," she observed. "And flowers are much prettier."

"Not that again," he groaned.

* * * * *

It was a sunny Saturday morning and Jimmy stood gazing out the window. "Hey, Mom!" he called suddenly. "What's that truck stopping in front of our house for?"

"What truck?" she exclaimed running to the front door. "Oh, good heavens! What's going on around here?"

"Oh, that," her husband said casually. "I forgot about that. I saw some very nice bushes on the way home from work the other day—and at a bargain, too!"

"Well, they better be." She paused. "I suppose if you got them we'd better go out and plant them, but I'm sure I don't know where we're going to put them."

"We'll put one on each side of the steps, and—"

"But that's where I have my daffodils," wailed Mrs. Grant. "What will I do with them?"

"Throw them in the trash can," suggested her husband. "Who cares about daffodils anyway?"

"I do. I think they're beautiful. I want—"

"Well, put them in the back flower bed then." Mr. Grant turned, looking for Peter, "Get the shovel, Peter, and we'll plant a few bushes."

Everyone adjourned to the front lawn, where they were joined, it seemed, by all the children in the block and a couple of dogs. Mr. Grant dug the first shovel of dirt—and

Mrs. Grant's much loved daffodils with it. While she carefully rescued the bulbs and made off with them to try to replant them in the back flower bed, Mr. Grant continued digging. The pile of dirt on the front sidewalk grew and so did the pile of junk that was buried under the topsoil—stones of all sizes, rusty scraps of wire and old cans, an old overshoe, and roots from the elm tree on the front lawn.

"Oh," groaned Mr. Grant, as he tugged at another root, "with all this junk I'll have to make the hole twice as big and put in some good dirt around the roots of the bush. Peter, get me the axe to chop these roots."

Mrs. Grant had returned and stared with mingled feelings of consternation and amusement at her perspiring husband and the pile of junk. "What ever will we do with all that trash! Be careful, Jimmy, you'll get cut on that old glass. Children, please get out of that dirt—." She began to get annoyed.

"I'll get these bushes planted if it takes all day," her husband muttered through clenched teeth as he struggled with another root.

But at last the bushes beside the steps were planted. They did look rather nice. Even Mrs. Grant had to agree to that. So they started to plant the ones by the corners of the house. Here all the old difficulties were encountered and a few new ones.

"I think I'll set them here," said Mr. Grant.

"You can't. The water from the roof falls there. They'll have to be nearer the house," suggested Mrs. Grant.

"No, they won't look good there, and it'll ruin the bushes where they touch the house. I'll have to set them forward."

After much haggling, a spot was finally

agreed upon, and the digging started. By now the children had started a game of "Red Light" and were running up the front sidewalk and onto the porch, then down again. Every time they came near the recently planted bushes, Mrs. Grant winced. She could almost visualize some one of them tripping over the bushes and ruining them after all this work of planting them. The noise was not improving Mr. Grant's disposition either.

"Peter, Jimmy, you'll have to stop running up and down those steps. Why don't you play somewhere else for a while," Mrs. Grant finally said after her repeated looks of annoyance had been ignored.

The children withdrew to a conference on the front walk. Mrs. Grant felt a bit sorry at having spoiled their fun, but, after all, they could play plenty of other places. By now she had decided the bushes were nice. Mr. Grant had about finished his work and stepped off to view the result. It was, he thought grimly, worth the effort.

At this moment the conference broke up with a whoop; children scattered in all directions.

"I'll get my ball," shouted Peter dashing for the front door. He tripped on a root that still lay on the lawn, and CRASH!! right into the bush by the steps.

"Oh! my bush!" groaned Mr. Grant, as Peter got up laughing. Peter was all right but the bush was not. It was tipped at a crazy angle.

"Peter! You go right in the house and stay there!" Mrs. Grant said angrily. Then she started to cry.

"There, there, dear," said her husband. "Don't cry. I'll fix it; I'll buy you another bush even."

"GET UP!"

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

In the A. M. if you waken
To the smell of sizzling bacon
And you've plenty time to stroll down for
the bus,
Brother, close your dreamy peepers,
This is not for "angel" sleepers
But for those of us who cause a nervous fuss!

When ye olde alarm starts jumping
And a relative starts thumping
Words which grind the very marrow in each
bone;

Like "Get up! You're late!" by instinct
You will deeper in the bed sink
And holler out, "Go'way, lemme alone!"

So the seconds go on ticking
To the tune of mother's clicking
And that forty winks just *never* settles in;
'Cause you know it's getting later
And the chance is getting greater
That the eight-fifteen has gone without you
in!

So—slam! you from that bed shoot
And shed your overnight suit
For the quickest rig your eye and hand can
reach.

While mother sets some juice out
You prepare your Dagwood blow-out
And slam into the kitchen with a screech!

A gulp, and then entreaties
'Cuz you haven't time for "Wheaties"
So, with shouts behind, you lunge for that
front door.

Then madly, like a track man,
You race, and in your eye-span
View your transportation come a'flying with
a roar!

You wave in frantic pleading
But the driver isn't heeding,

And, alas! My friend, you now must *really*
fly!

You turn your two feet uptown,
Or as be the case, to downtown
And make for that old high school, "do or
die!"

After twenty minutes racing
P. H. S. is what you're facing
And in twenty-five you enter with a "Phew!"
Then you hear an awful rumble
And ungentlemanly mumble,
For the racket is your classmates passing
through!

So the office is your goal now
And you pray you have the know-how
To originate a really classy tale!
But "Mr. H." is funny,
Only says to you, "Humph, sonny"
And hands to you a simple piece of "mail!"

GRADUATION

By Patricia Loach, '54

Soon pass we from these sheltered gates;
And into life's great, rolling stream
We will be plunged; then rudely thrown
And tossed by wild, tempestuous storms
And changing winds with no abate,
Then we must face life all alone.

Decisions will confront us soon,
And burdens, which in heaving stream
Will seem too heavy to be borne—
And which may be the grasping force
That sucks us under to our doom
Or draws us onward to the morn.

Then, from our cares, we'll fondly long
For carefree youth, and for the friends
And books and dreams and childish hearts
And long to tread again these halls—
So hurt with condescension, scorn—
From which we now so gaily part.

CAREER CORNER

HAVE you realized the amazing possibilities in becoming a Research Chemist? Mr. Charles H. Kline, formerly of Pittsfield, is an active worker in this fascinating field. He is now Manager of the Chemical Sales and Development Department of the Climax Molybdenum Company in New York City.

Mr. Kline is working on the use of molybdenum in agriculture. He explained, "Molybdenum is one of the so-called Trace elements that is needed by plants in very small quantities for growth."

Most of the research on molybdenum has been done in Australia and New Zealand, so that is where our chemist went on a tour to learn something about this trace element.

But let's retrace our steps and, starting with Mr. Kline's graduation from Pittsfield High School, follow the training and experience which led him to his present occupation. He studied chemistry at Princeton University, graduating in 1942 with high honors. By the way, you students who find it difficult to study one language might be interested to know that Mr. Kline studied French, German and, what's even more difficult, Russian.

After graduation from college Mr. Kline became a Research Chemist for the Texas Company. During the war he was an Intelligence Officer in the U.S. Navy. After the war the chemist returned to his native city, Pittsfield, where he worked as a supervisor in the General Electric Company. However, you cannot restrain an enterprising man and on he went to New York City, where he acquired his present position.

One might wonder what a Research Chemist would do in his spare time. When not looking down at a microscope Mr. Kline likes to go "high up"—he likes mountain climbing. Another of his favorites is skiing. Down-to-earth, the analyst likes photography and

games. Perhaps Mr. Kline's affection for games might stem from the fact that he has three children to entertain.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

Early in March of this year the Guidance Department moved into its new quarters, a reconverted study hall in the high school. The new location is a distinct improvement over the former cramped and inadequate offices. The space and increased facilities will aid the department greatly in performing its several functions.

In 1940, our Guidance Department began on a very small scale. However, with the ever increasing realization of its importance to the school system, the department has expanded to the point where it now employs twenty men and women engaged in guidance work, full or part-time.

When a pupil enters junior high he is assigned to a teacher-counselor who follows his progress. Then, when he becomes a student at high school, another counselor is responsible for him right up to the time of his graduation.

In case you didn't know this, every pupil has a folder, a cumulative record begun in the first grade, containing all available information about him. Test results, teachers' reports, communication from parents and results from pupil and teacher conferences are kept on file even after a pupil has graduated.

As we all know from our own experiences, the atmosphere at a pupil-counselor conference is one of friendly guidance. The counselor endeavors to "see the pupil's point of view" whenever possible. If anything is wrong with a pupil's progress, he tries to find out the reason and take necessary measures to correct the deficiency.

THE FACULTY

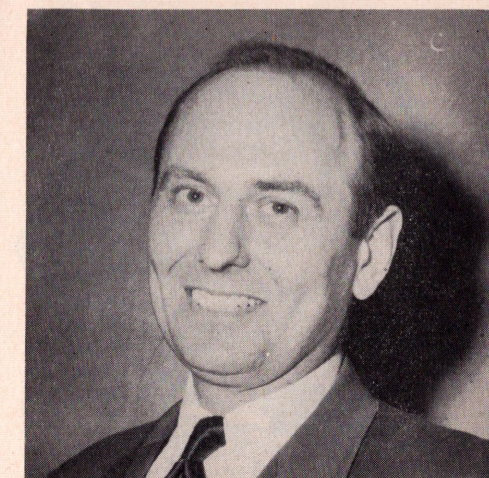
G. WILMER MAIHL

Born in Baltimore, Maryland . . . Graduated from Baltimore Polytechnical Institute, Johns Hopkins University Engineering School with B.S. . . . Electricity instructor at Edison Vocational School 1936-1939, demonstrator and instructor for Baltimore Utility Courses in Industrial Electronics 1944-1947 . . . Married . . . Enjoys photography and music . . . Comment, "I like the Pittsfield climate, and enjoy the many recreational and cultural advantages available here."



THOMAS F. GEARY

Born in Pittsfield, Mass. . . . Graduated from St. Joseph's High School, and Holy Cross with A.B. . . . Attended Albany Teachers' College . . . Taught at Pontoosuc and Pomeroy schools . . . Worked at General Electric from 1924-1925 . . . Enjoys golf . . . Our comment: "Welcome back to P.H.S.!"



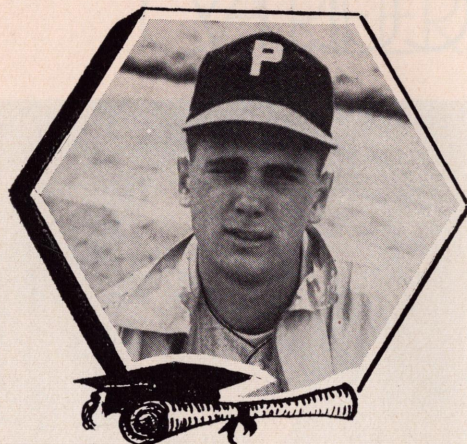
GEORGE J. BAGLEY, JR.

Born in Brooklyn, New York . . . Educated in New York schools . . . Attended Annapolis Naval Academy, graduated from City College of New York with B.B.A. and New York University with B.A. . . . Taught at Haffley and Brown secretarial school, has been a personal secretary, was in U.S. Navy from 1942-1945 . . . Married, has a boy and a girl . . . Enjoys photography and swimming.

WHO'S WHO

June, 1954

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BRUCE ROBARGE

Senior . . . Pitcher for the baseball team . . . Favorites: the Yankees, Jimmy Piersall, T-bone steak . . . Enjoys hunting and cruising around Onota Lake in a speedboat . . . Pet peeve: good hitters . . . Wants to play professional baseball after graduation.

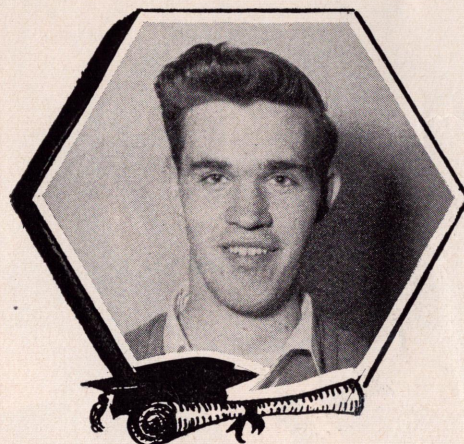
KRISTINE BONNIVIER

Senior . . . Junior Class President . . . Member of the Student Council . . . Co-chairman of Stage Committee for Senior Play . . . Participates in girls' sports . . . Pet peeve: people who call her "Jorgy" . . . Favorites: sports, especially basketball and swimming, steak, and French fries . . . Future plans not definite.



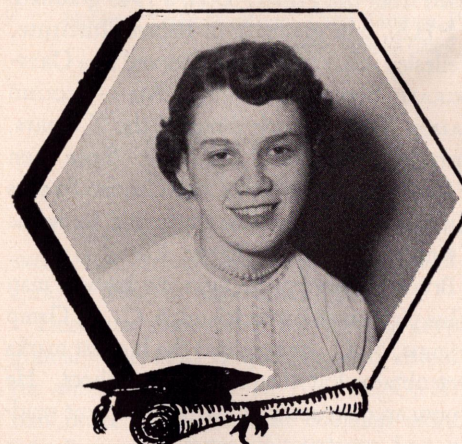
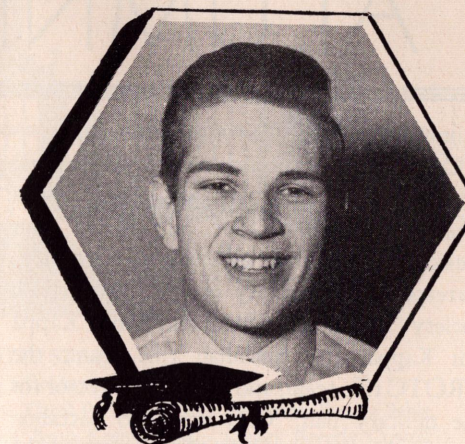
JIMMY DOYLE

Senior . . . Co-chairman of the Senior Prom . . . A member of the track team . . . Active in the Junior Achievement program . . . Plays football . . . Hobbies: fishing and girls . . . Favorites: Red Sox, French fries and roast beef . . . Pet peeve: being called "Speedy" . . . Comment—"You don't worsh!" . . . Future plans are centered in the N.R.O.T.C. at college and engineering.



CHUCK ENRIGHT

Senior . . . Chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee . . . Member of the Senior Class Council . . . Plays football . . . Doorman and on properties committee for Senior Play . . . Pet Peeve: teachers who give a lot of homework . . . Comment: "I thought the senior year was supposed to be easy!" . . . Favorites: Red Sox, all sports, pizza, thick frosts, and pretty girls . . . Would like to attend B.C. or Holy Cross.

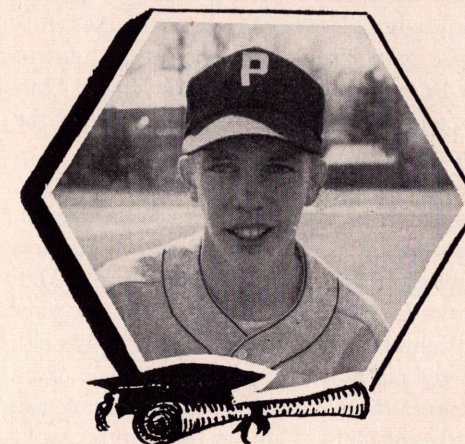


BETTY OVERBAUGH

Senior . . . Cheerleader . . . Member of the Student Council . . . President of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y . . . On the typing committee for the yearbook . . . Likes shorthand, spaghetti, Red Sox and Dodgers, eating and dancing . . . Pet peeve: people who call her "overweight" . . . Hobby: cooking . . . Ambition: to be a secretary . . . Future plans: to graduate and get a good job.

TERRY MACCARTNEY

Senior . . . Home Room Representative for junior and senior years . . . Shortstop for P.H.S. baseball team . . . Roots for the White Sox . . . Pet peeve: seeing the Yankees win the pennant.



ALUMNI NOTES

Alumni who are graduating from college:

Carl Lunde, who majored in industrial psychology at PENNSYLVANIA STATE, was president, house manager, and pledge class president of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity; corresponding secretary of the Quarterback Society; a member of Skull and Bones, Kappa Phi Kappa, the freshman rifle team, the NROTC rifle team, and publicity director for the military ball. Carl was also battalion commander for the NROTC unit, on the IFC Board of Control, a member of the IFC Newsletter, and vice president of the freshman dormitory area.

Frederick W. Schink, a 1948 graduate of P.H.S., has graduated from HARPUR COLLEGE, a liberal arts unit of the STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK. Frederick, who was on the dean's list last semester, majored in sociology.

James O'Brien who won an NROTC scholarship in 1950, graduated from RICE INSTITUTE, where he was president of the senior class.

Joanne Goddard, '53, has graduated from the MANSFIELD BEAUTY ACADEMY in Boston.

Shirley Snow, a 1952 graduate of P.H.S., has graduated from MORRISVILLE AGRICULTURAL AND TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, a unit of the STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK. Shirley, a gemology major, was on the staff of the Arcadian, the M.A.T.I. yearbook.

Guy Bugbee, a 1949 graduate of P.H.S., has graduated from RIDER COLLEGE, Trenton, New Jersey. Guy, who majored in business administration, was president of the Dramatics Club and vice president and treasurer of Delta Psi Omega fraternity. He was also on the committee for the Spring Ball, and a member of the business administration and marketing clubs. Guy has been on the dean's

list for five consecutive terms. He was recently named to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Graduates in the Service:

Charles B. Sammet, '51, is stationed at RANDOLPH AIR FORCE BASE . . . Francis J. Messer, '50, has returned to NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT after a training exercise in the Caribbean . . . Sergeant Donald L. Lutes, Jr., is returning from KOREA and expects to be released from the ARMY. Don, a 1948 graduate of P.H.S., is a graduate of Babson Institute, Wellesley, class of 1951. He served as a CRYPTOGRAPH SPECIALIST ON THE AIR—GROUND LIAISON TEAM, which directed the X CORPS, ARTILLERY FIRE, until the truce. Since then he has been a member of the UNITED STATES MILITARY ADVISORY GROUP to the Republic of Korea, stationed in Taegu, Korea.

Bruce Bonnivier, '52, was the highest man in his platoon at Parris Island, S. C. At Camp Lejeune, N. C., he received the highest marks ever obtained at the engineering school. He is now an instructor of math, blue print reading, and construction estimation.

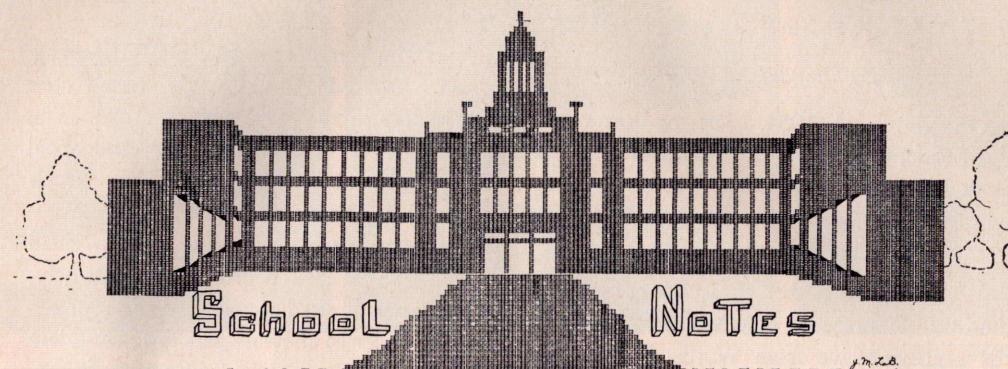
Dean's Lists:

Congratulations to Libera Principe who has made the Dean's list for the last semester at SARGENT COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION; Carolyn Wagner, at BOUVE BOSTON SCHOOL; Elliott Perrett and Charles Kusik at MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

News of Interest:

Peggy Stewart, '52, has been chosen a cheerleader at the UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS. A freshman at the university, Peg will always be remembered for her fine cheering ability here at P.H.S.

Continued on Page 24



SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

Editor—Katy MacCarthy

Mary Bolotin, Martha Weston, Corrine Comparato, Carol Prentiss, Nancy McBride, Sondra Sable, Kathleen McMahon, Carolyn Lucas, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Lucy Jordan, Beverly Cowell, Madeline Tini, Tina Sinopoli, Margo Gall, Dorothy Clark, Susan Connors, Marcia Lipsey, Keye Hollister, Leslie Nussbaum, Carol Rattman, Pat Whalen, Marilyn Marks, Mary Ann Carity, Marilyn Chapman, Bonnie Clark, Barbara McCarthy, Martha Cox.

CRYPTOGRAMS

By Philip Pryde

A cryptogram is a type of code in which each letter of the alphabet has, in place of it, another letter or some other figure.

Here are some hints for solving cryptograms. The most frequently used letters of the alphabet are E, I, R, A, T, S, O, N, in that order; and the most common word is "the."

Here are some cryptograms.

HSOL TL DSWLBNC XB HSOL TL PLJNA.

SAYRCSH CT PT KBXYPCS PT EBPYR PSE YPNBT.

Here is a different kind in which numerals have been inserted in place of the letters.
587381790 58 5834 46 188 428 385 1265
4294 291 149087 94 428 14948 458340
7901.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

As the school year comes to a close, the Vocational Department is buzzing with activity.

The Printing Department with its new instructor, Mr. McConnell, printed the tickets for the Western Mass. Music Festival. Those who did this job were Chuck Gans, Dave Ditello, Don King, and Bob Wooden.

Another job done for the W.M.M.F. was a platform for the bandleaders at Wahconah Park. Terry Willis of Cabinetmaking can be commended for this job.

Dave Langenback and Jerry Kolwalski, of Auto Mechanics, repaired at Pittsfield City tractor.

In Drafting, the boys who worked feverishly on the blue prints of the new vocational departments to be constructed in rear of Pittsfield High School were Fred Delamarter, Paul Chapman, Don De Fino, Stas Plona, Dan Butrymowicz, Dan Hamilton, Allan Hoskeer, Al Caccamo, Stan Rice, and Dave Parsons.

Recently, during open house, a committee was appointed to inspect the different shops to see if they appeared safe enough for public admittance. They did a fine job. These boys were Don MacWhinnie, Bob Harris, Ed Barscz, and Alfred Pires.

MY DAY AT THE STATE HOUSE

By Douglas Miller

On March 11, 1954, I left for Boston for the Student Government exercises at the State House on March 12. I made the trip with Richard Matthews, the representative from St. Joseph's.

We arrived in Boston about noon, went to the State House, and met Mr. John Dwyer, the representative from Wards 6 and 7 in Pittsfield. He introduced us to State Senator Silvio Conte, who took us on a tour through the Senate and House of Representatives buildings.

After we got our rooms in the Hotel Bellvue, Mr. Dwyer introduced us to Mr. Dooley, the State Librarian. The latter showed us through the library and took us to dinner and on a tour through Boston.

On Saturday morning, Dick went to the State Library and I reported to the House of Representatives, where the agenda for the day was presented to all student representatives. The Speaker of the House introduced Governor Herter and Lieutenant Governor Whittier, both of whom gave impressive speeches. We then adjourned until the afternoon session.

This resumed about 2.00 P. M. Here, after a long debate, we voted to accept the following bills and laws: the right of eighteen-year-olds to vote, a pay raise for teachers, and an organized commission to review comic books. We rejected the following: the annexation of towns and counties around Boston, and the extension of the governor's term to four years.

Afterwards, Mr. Dooley took Dick and me to dinner in Charlestown, after which we boarded the train for Pittsfield.

I wish to express my thanks to the members of the Senior Class who made this wonderful experience possible.

TECHNICAL NEWS

From the junior reporter, Dick Riseberg, we learn that Mr. David Pryde spoke to the tech juniors in the early part of April. The subject under discussion was industrial power and fuel of the future. Mr. Pryde reminded the boys that the fossil fuels—coal, oil, and gas—constitute only a small portion of the earth's crust; consequently, they can not be used as standard fuels for too long. In order to alleviate this problem scientists are presently experimenting with fissionable materials, which they hope to use as energy in the near future.

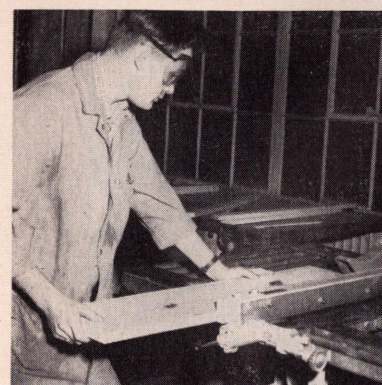
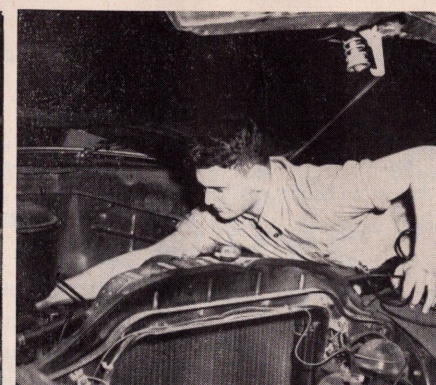
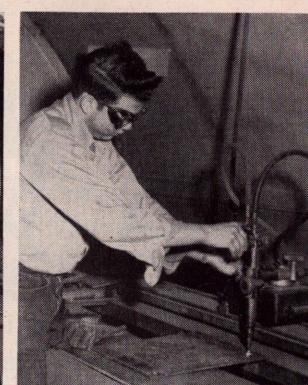
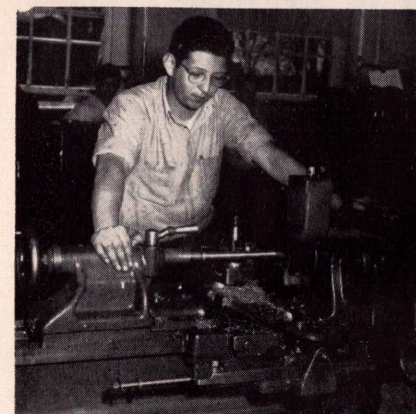
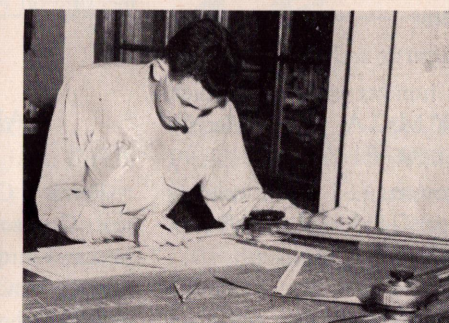
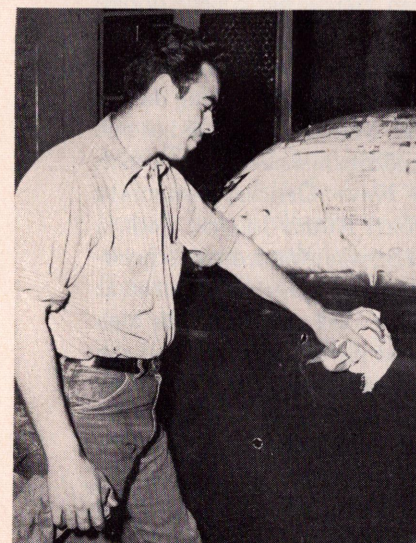
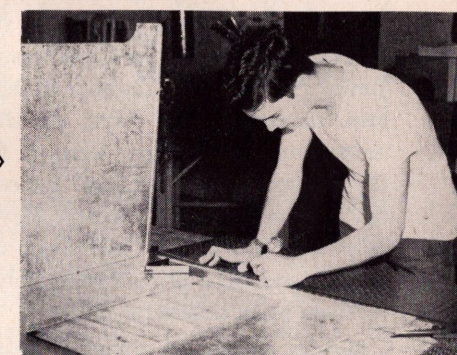
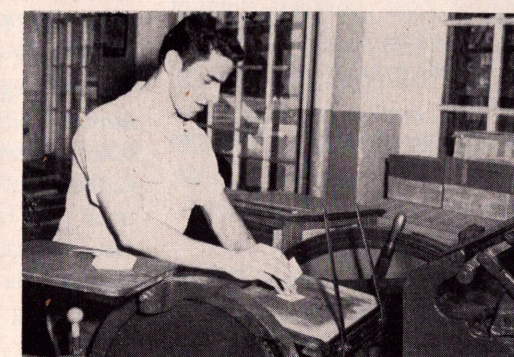
In the latter part of March Mr. Carl Beers, assisted by Mr. John Cleary, presented an enlightening lecture on "How Our Business System Operates." Mr. Beers began by giving a comprehensive story of the business system in general—the management of a company, paying dividends, developing products, taxes, etc. The basic reasons for the bettering of our social standards revolve around the success and progress of American business, because it brings down prices by mass production, ups the wage rate, makes higher learning a requisite, and has many other beneficial outgrowths. The fundamental reason for the ever-increasing efficiency in business is competition. Under other forms of government, such as Communism or Socialism, this competition is lacking, thereby choking initiative. Utilizing the General Electric Company as an example, Mr. Beers proceeded to prove the veracity of his arguments.

S.A.S. ASSEMBLY

On May 12, Dr. Rowland M. Myers gave a humorous talk on everyday words entitled "The Romance of Words." Dr. Rowland is an authority on languages and literatures.

On April 8, William Barstow, president of the Student Council, presented to Mr. Strout a flag donated to P.H.S. by the Berkshire Women's Relief Corps Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Vocational Department at Work

TOM HAMILTON
of CabinetmakingBRUCE ROBARGE
of Auto MechanicsRICHARD FRESIA
of WeldingJOHN FINIZOLA
of Machine ShopSTANLEY PLONA
of DraftingROBERT BENEDICT
of Auto BodyRONALD BEAN
of Sheet MetalNARCH ARACE
of Printing

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

Alpha has had their installation of officers and plans to have a banquet at the Busy Bee Restaurant.

Beta is planning to have a florist as a speaker. Installations will be held in the meantime.

Delta has also elected and installed officers. They hope to be able to have a banquet.

Gamma is ending the year with a Mother and Daughter Banquet.

Sigma plans to have a banquet following installation of officers.

Zeta had a pizza party and went bowling.

Hi-Y has had a number of socials which were held at the Y.M.C.A. Camp Merrill. They plan to elect new officers.

Phi-Hi-Y was entertained by a moving picture on the dangers of alcoholism. A supper for seniors of the club is planned.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Much activity was going on in the latter part of May in the Junior Class because of the Junior Prom. Sandra Zorbo and Dick Chapman, chairmen of the prom, and their committees were very busy. Marlene Burns, of the publicity committee, and her committee ran a poster contest. Juliann Heye, Paula Waxstein, and Joanna Camerlengo won first, second, and third prizes respectively. They received prom tickets for prizes.

Sandra Gordon, chairman of the publicity, and her committee chose "Loveliest Night of the Year" for the theme of the prom. The prom was held in the gym and John Lusek's orchestra played.

The juniors also received their class rings in the latter part of May.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The 14th meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held on March 26. Paula Waxstein discussed "The Long, Long Trailer." Jack

Garrity led a discussion of the Academy Awards.

On April 9th, the club held its 15th meeting. "Rose Marie," "Night People," "Yankee Pasha," and "From Here to Eternity" were selected as club pictures for the month of April.

The next meeting was held April 30. Jack Garrity discussed "Yankee Pasha," and Paula Waxstein, "Julius Caesar." The club pictures for the month of May are "Rhapsody" and "Back to Bataan." The club held its annual meeting on May 14th.



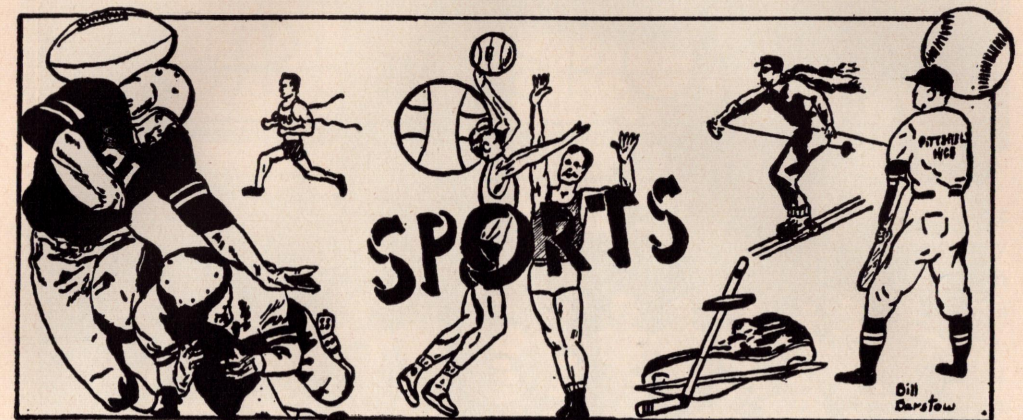
ALUMNI NOTES

Continued from Page 20

Frank J. Germanowski, a junior at CLARKSON COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY, has been initiated into Pi Tau Sigma, mechanical engineering honorary society. A 1951 graduate of P.H.S., he also is a member of the CLARKSON GUARD, honorary military fraternity of the ROTC, and the student chapter of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Paula S. Coughlin has been elected as an officer of German House, her college dormitory at SMITH COLLEGE. In this capacity, she will work closely with the head of the house in the administration of housekeeping duties.

Ensign Jack R. Macbeth graduated as one of the top 10 students in a class of more than 100 men from NAVY OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Jack, a graduate of P.H.S., was awarded two scholarships while a senior engineering student at Tufts College, the 1882 scholarship for high mental ability and physical prowess and the Ralph S. Kaye scholarship for proficiency in mathematics. He was a weight-man on the track team for four years and broke the previous college shot put and 35-pound weight records. He has been assigned to the Civil Engineering Corps, Port Hueneme, California.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

Occupying the athletic limelight at P.H.S. is the colorful baseball team. Only two of last year's first stringers remain, Joe Spadafora and Bruce Robarge. Working up the batting order we find the lead-off man, Don "Butch" Terpak, the junior third baseman who does a fine job on the hot corner. Batting second is little Johnny Genzabella, the tireless second baseman who recently achieved basketball fame. Following Genzabella we find Al Clayson, the hardhitting sophomore right fielder. Heading the squad and occupying the clean up spot is catcher Joe Spadafora. Covering the far reaches of center field is speedy Herb Evans. Sharing honors at the initial sack are Mike Tully and Chris Gilson. Hitting seventh and playing left field is sophomore Bob Steiner, who is followed by the second half of the keystone combination, senior shortstop Terry MacCartney. The members of our powerful pitching staff are Bruce Robarge, Dick Rufo, Eddie Plouffe, and Al Litano. Other members of the squad who have seen action are Dick and Bob Lee, Benny Nougaria, and Butch LeClaire.

Pittsfield	4	St. Joseph (N. A.)	0
Pittsfield	3	Williamstown	0
Pittsfield	5	Adams	0
Pittsfield	2	Dalton	1
Pittsfield	6	R. P. I. Frosh	7
Pittsfield	2	St. Joseph (Pitts.)	0
Pittsfield	4	Drury	0
Pittsfield	20	St. Joseph (N. A.)	6
Pittsfield	16	Williamstown	9
Pittsfield	0	Housatonic Regional	1
Pittsfield	0	Adams	1

P.H.S. RIFLE TEAM

In April the Rifle Team swept the junior match in the Western Mass. Tournament, W. Whitman taking first place with 188 and A. Peck copping second place with 187. Two other members of the team entered the match, J. Felter—148 and P. Hubby—135, placing eighth and tenth respectively.

In the first part of May the final meeting of the year was held, and next year's officers were elected as follows: John Munro, president; Peter Hubby, vice president; Walter Wood, secretary; John Felter, treasurer; Calvin Cadwell, executive officer.



PITTSFIELD HIGH TRACK TEAM

First row: J. Sangiovanni, G. Chader, W. Wood, C. Dunham, B. Clark, W. Young, A. Martin, E. Bradley, C. Edmunds, J. Grychak.

Second row: Mgr. F. Bothwell, J. Ditello, G. Tabor, M. Marchisio, L. Herzig, D. Kessler, B. Barstow, D. McKnight, B. Smith, B. Lester, T. Morrier, A. Hoskeer.

Third row: Mgr. J. Henriques, D. DeBlieux, F. Rohlf, B. Haines, D. Cornelier, D. Hamilton, G. Chester, R. Simonetti, R. Reynolds, G. Teboul, B. Levine, R. Waltermire, Coach Carmody.

P.H.S. BOWS IN TRACK MEET WITH BERKSHIRE SCHOOL

The Pittsfield High Track team displayed a great variety of talent in being edged by Berkshire School in Sheffield 58-55 on Saturday, May first.

Among top scorers were Mike Bradley, who took second in the 120-yard low hurdles, and Larry Herzig, who came in first in the 100-yard dash, second in the 220-yard sprint, and second in the shot put. McKnight placed second in the 100-yard dash, second in the running broad jump, and third in the running high jump. Chester won the mile and Kessler took first in the 440 and second in the javelin throw.

Pacing the Berkshire attack was Bob Hogeman who won firsts in the running broad jump and javelin throw and tied for first with one of his teammates in the pole vault.

In its first meet of the season the track squad showed much promise and a good chance, with some hard work, to be Western Massachusetts champs.

ANSWERS TO CRYPTOGRAMS:

Give me liberty or give me death.

Nothing is as certain as death and taxes.

Wednesday we went to see the new show that has stayed at the State twenty days.

GIRLS' SPORTS



Kathy Maguire, Joan Bushey, Carolyn Turner, Shirley Norton, Joan Duda.

out the spring as the ping-pong tournament got under way and the battles became closely fought. Under the able direction of Joan Duda and Barbara Calebaugh, the numerous challengers were whittled down from forty-seven to four. In the semi-finals, Elfrieda Pierce played Steph Wojtkowski, and Brenda Aaronson came up against Leslie Nussbaum. Upon the defeat of their opponents, Elfrieda Pierce and Leslie Nussbaum then played each other in the finals, and Leslie emerged as the top girl ping-pong player in Pittsfield High School.

GYM HELPERS

We thought a little credit was due to these "indispensables" who help Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan with gym classes. They give up two or more study periods a week to do this.

BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

Every spring day, from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, the birdies were flying high in the gym. Once again the badminton tournament was in progress, and once again many girls—forty-seven couples—entered. Each day the tourney play-off list became shorter until finally, in late May, the winner was decided. (Not completed when we went to press). Many juniors, especially, signed up in hopes of putting to good use all the techniques and shots that they had learned during the fall badminton instruction. The seniors and sophomores were hard-pressed to keep the eager juniors from overwhelming them.

PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

The little white ball and the big green table had a long, friendly association through-

SWIMMING

On April 27, the "operation big splash" took place, the annual girls' intramural swimming meet at the Boys' Club pool. It was a show of wonderful sportsmanship, excitement, and fun. But we have to admit it, the sophs won.

With Nancy Shea as their spark, they overpowered—murdered—the juniors and seniors.

The results were:

Sophs	27
Seniors	16
Juniors	2

Soph Team:

Nancy Shea, Toni Lincks, Carolyn Hyde, Phyl Lombardi, Steph Spasyk.

Junior Team:

Sonia Kronick, Sue Strong, Margo Gall, Bea Evans, Eleanor Farrell, Marlene Langenback, Doris Henderson, Gay Skogsberg.

Senior Team:

MaryAnn Morrison, Diane Chapman, Carol Snow, Marion Root, Lois Mann, Joan May.

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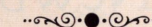
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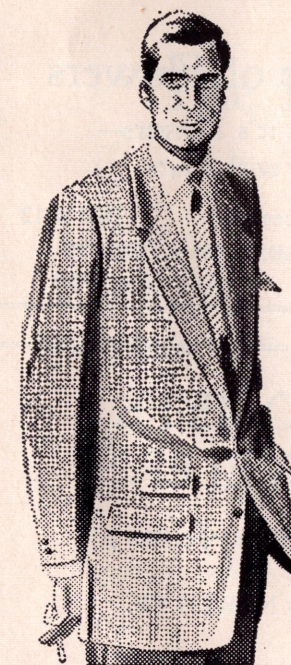
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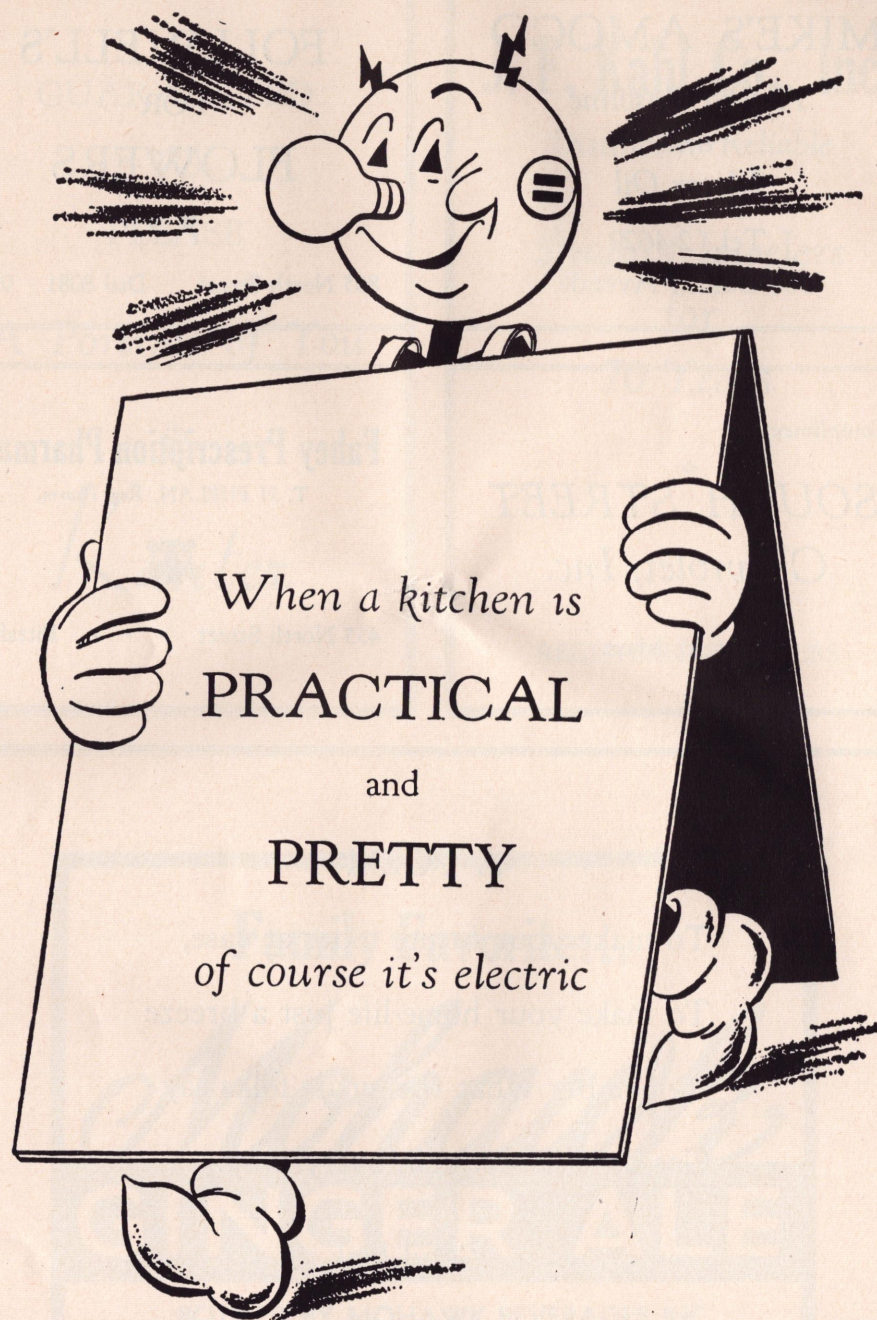
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